

WISE TURKEYS TRAINING DOWN FOR THANKSGIVING



If only turkey birds were wise they'd read the sporting pages, Discovering there the secret rare of lengthening out their age By training down instead of up they'd so reduce their meat That when Thanksgiving day comes round they'd not be fit to eat And when the buyer came along to talk with Farmer Jones He'd say, "Why, I these birds can't buy---they're only skin and bon

A THANKSGIVING SURPRISE

By JOANNA SINGLE.

THANKSGIVING day was almost upon Miss Abby Cullen, poor, but thrifty, in her cottage at the end of the town, and her only near neighbors, the Beans. Miss Abby, being a New Englander, was always prepared. The Beans, being southern "Crackers," were eternally unprepared in their shiftless little hut. Miss Abby had a good vegetable garden and a big chicken yard.

This is where the turkey comes in--an immense gobbler, the monarch of the place and the pride of Miss Abby, who had doomed him to Thanksgiving dinner. He grew fatter and fatter, and the assorted collection of Bean



"AN' THERE HE SAT ALL SUMMER ON THAT BENCH."

children watched him hopelessly while they sat astride the division fence. Hunger shone from their eyes.

"They'll be stealin' him next thing," Miss Abby muttered as she threw out the dishwater and wrung the dishrag fiercely.

"Maw," bawled one of the twins to his gaunt, bedraggled mother in the door, "ain't we goin' to have no turkey? We ain't never had no turkey like other folks."

"Yore paw's had mighty pore luck, honey. He can't make out to buy turkey, honey."

"Why can't he, maw?" wailed the oldest girl.

"Yore paw's had bad luck," the dull mother voice reiterated. "He'll git us somepin' extra, but I don't reckon it'll be turkey. Turkey meat's awful dear, honey."

Miss Abby slammed into her house with a righteous rattle of stiff blue calico and an indecorous display of flat ankles. She snorted wrathfully:

"Luck! If he'd had any luck he'd never have been born. But he's luckier than his wife and children. He's the laziest image of a man that ever wore pants--too lazy to come when he's called to meat. I'd see that he never was called if I was her."

Miss Abby went to make her bed, and from the open window next the



STOOD WATCHING THE TURKEY AND THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR.

panes overlooking the chicken yard. She could hear the wall of the baby and the coughs of the older ones.

"I just can't do it," she muttered and at last returned to the house, ill at ease and chilled to the bone.

She piled wood into the stove till the kitchen was stifling, but she could not get warm. Her teeth chattered in a chill, and in spite of hot lemonade and Jamaica ginger Miss Abby had to go to bed in the middle of the afternoon with hot flannels at her feet and a mustard plaster on her chest.

She fell into a doze, broken by visions of the hungry little faces next door. She wished she had at least taken them over some vegetables. "I will--long about night," she muttered and fell into a strange, wretched sleep.

When she awoke it was night and very cold. Pains stabbed her chest sharply, and her head throbbed dizzily. Then she seemed delicious and heard the babbling of hungry children. Then she went completely out of her head.

She came at last to herself, weak and feeble. The bedroom was very cold, but the fever was gone and the stinging pains. She wrapped herself up and managed to light the kitchen fire, creeping back to bed till things warmed up. The door of the Bean house slammed, and she heard a child cough.

When the warmth from the kitchen filled her room she rose and went out to get some breakfast. She had never felt so weak in her life. She put on the colicop.

Miss Abby sat eating her toast with her feet in the oven. Mrs. Bean knocked and entered.

WHERE THEY GET IT IN THE NECK



THE TURKEYS: "Here's where we get the ax!"

THE AXES: "No; here's where the ax gets you!"

built under him would start him to goin'. I should think he'd want to see them young ones with clean faces and full stummocks at least once in the year."

The days flew, and the turkey grew still fatter and more complacent. The Bean children looked more and more wistful. They sat often on the fence in the chilly November air, their half clothed bodies shivering, their bare feet blue with cold. But with the eternal faith of childhood they watched the turkey in the hope that something would yet give them a taste of him.

Miss Abby's old maid heart grew soft sometimes, but hardened at thought of the lazy father and slovenly mother.

Miss Abby had had bad luck about Thanksgiving company. Everybody was elsewhere engaged--the minister and his family, the Browns and the Treshams. She had no relatives near. Have some one she must, for she had refused Matilda Jenkins' invitation on the plea of having company herself.

The day before Thanksgiving she had found no one and was worried. In the cold gray morning she came out to feed the chickens from a yellow crock held in the angle of her arm. When she had tossed the cornmeal to the hungry brood she closed the chicken yard gate, set down the crock and stood watching the turkey--and the house next door. She folded her thin arms across her blue calico chest for warmth and in what she saw forgot how cold it was.

Four of the eight Beans had the whooping cough, and their thin, saw-low little faces, cleaner than usual, were flattened against the grimy



SHE WRAPPED HERSELF UP AND MANAGED TO LIGHT THE KITCHEN FIRE.

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"Land sakes! Air you sick?" "Sick! I ain't feelin' very spry," said Miss Abby sharply. "I went to bed yestiddy afternoon, I felt so sick!"

"We ain't seen you out this mornin' an' as it's Thursday an' Thanksgiving we s'posed you had bad news that valled you away in the night. The children's been feedin' the beans an' the turkey--the ones that ain't whoopin'."

"What you talkin' about?" snapped Miss Abby. "This is Thanksgiving, ain't it? I'm too sick to recollect it."

"I come to see if I could do somepin' fer you all. You look mighty peaked," said Mrs. Bean. Miss Abby shook her head, and the woman was almost to the door when Miss Abby recalled her.

"Is your man at home?" she began

abruptly, while Mrs. Bean stared. "Well, then, would be as het kill that big turkey for me?"

"Why, sure, he would! You all air weak, an' that turkey looks mighty hefty."

"And can you come over and help me cook him?" Miss Abby went on. "I shall need help with the rest of the dinner, too, if I don't feel any sprier'n I do now. You can bring the baby and leave the others with him till dinner's ready. Then I want you should fetch them all over and let them eat all the turkey they can hold. I don't feel's if I could get away with more than ten pounds myself," she concluded grimly. The woman stood still staring, too astonished to express her gratitude even had she known how.

"Well," commanded Miss Abby, "if we don't git on the move dinner won't be ready before midnight."

"Yes'm," agreed the woman, letting herself out of the door. She sped across the yard more quickly than Miss Abby had ever yet seen her move.

"It'll take me a week to clean up after them, and it's encouraging that shiftless man," grumbled Miss Abby.

Then she heard from the Bean house a yell of joy that utterly demolished her New England conscience for the time being and sent a warm glow to the uttermost depths of her human heart. And she set to work on a dinner that was a record breaker in the Bean experiences.

No Suffragettes in Plymouth. Governor Bradford of Massachusetts specified that, "besides water-fowl, there was a great store of wild turkeys" for their first Thanksgiving feast, 1621, by which it is plain that our ancestors inaugurated the custom of the turkey on Thanksgiving day.

But chefs were not numerous in Plymouth. The first feast, at which there were fifty-five white men and ninety Indians, was prepared by "four women, one servant and a few male-kins." Poor women! How they must have sighed for their day of emancipation!

Hymn of Thanksgiving.
We thank thee, O Father, for all that is bright--
The gleam of the day and the stars of the night,
The flowers of our youth and the fruits of our prime
And blessings e'er marching the pathway of time.

We thank thee, O Father, for all that is dear--
The sob of the tempest, the flow of the tear--
For never in blindness and never in vain
Thy mercy permitted a sorrow or pain.

We thank thee, O Father, for song and for feast,
The harvest that glowed and the wealth that increased,
For never a blessing encompassed thy child
But thou in thy mercy looked downward and smiled.

We thank thee, O Father of all, for the power
Of aiding each other in life's darkest hour,
The generous heart and the countenful hand
And all the soul help that sad souls understand.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be,
For hopes that our future will call us to thee,
That all our eternity may form through thy love
One Thanksgiving day in the mansions above.

—Will Carleton.

When the Hen is Safe.
"This," remarked Mrs. Hen, "as she flew up on to Mr. Turkey's back, 'is my happy day. It's Thanksgiving, you know. What have I to give thanks for? Oh, several things, thank you. On almost any other day in the year I am liable to get the ax, and when I do get it I won't worry whether my



head's on straight. But my worry comes from not knowing just when the ax may fall. There are 365 days in the year. Thanksgiving is the only day when I am immune. My large and lovely rival, Mr. Turkey, who scorns me in the barnyard, is underneath my feet today, as you can see with the naked eyes. Ta-ta, Mr. Turkey; I see the farmer coming with his ax."

AN OLD TIME THANKSGIVING

An aged lady recently contributed to the Brooklyn Citizen this description of a New England Thanksgiving three-quarters of a century ago, when life was simpler and sadder than today:

The house was cleaned from the roof to the cellar the week before, as Thanksgiving in New England was a greater holiday than Christmas or New Year's and it must be observed by everybody. The house was full of nice odors. One day it was mince pie and fried cakes, then it would be sweet pickles and election cake, then pumpkin pies--my sister Persis counted ten in a row--then plum pudding and Wednesday night a chicken pie that would almost crowd the top of the oven and would come on to the table--a piece of it, I mean, warmed up--every Sunday till the next year. It held the plumpest chickens and sweet apple quarters that had been half dried, and the meat and gravy were sweet as the apples, and specks and other goodies, and all in a large milk pan, with a daky crust at top and bottom a quarter of an inch thick.

To make that crust Persis and I had to burn clean corn-cobs in an iron kettle and gather up the ashes, and mother poured hot water on them, then strained the liquid and stirred it into some butter-milk, and that made it bubble and fizzle just as soda nowadays.

Thursday morning we were up bright and early, and mother read a chapter in the Bible. Then we all stood up while father prayed for us, and I felt almost like crying. It was so solemn, but I forgot all over the nice breakfast and the walk of a mile to the church and the music and the return at noon to a dinner smoking hot on the table.

Mother had arranged a party for us that evening, but we could not wait for that, so our sleds were brought out, and we climbed the long hills with a group of girls and boys and seated ourselves, letting one boy ride with us on each side to steer it.

The parlor was all in order. The floor was covered with white sand swept into curves. The woodwork was a bright blue, white sash curtains at the windows and a plain stand with a green hircloth on it and a large Bible resting on that. Six wooden chairs and a stiff backed rocking chair composed the furniture of the room. Stiff and formal as it looked, that was not the place for party or party games. The next room was for our pleasure ground. It was large and roomy.

THANKSGIVING.

FOR the fields that gave their harvests, rich with wheat and rye and maize,
We have sung our songs of praise.
We have chanted our thanksgiving
For the joy of merely living
Through the tawny autumn days.
Now, when singing birds have vanished
Down the shining southward ways,
When the frost has cleared the haze,
When the voice of winter blusters
Where the grapes once hung in clusters,
Shall we droop to cheerless lays?

LET new songs for this new season,
Caught from yonder sturdy pine,
Green despite the year's decline,
Praise the power that now lies hidden
Till at last by springtide hidden
It awakes the life divine.
And the captured dew and sunlight
That once bloomed upon the vine,
Now transmuted into wine,
With its magic shall inspire
A few friends around the fire
Where the warm flames dance and shine!

AS the psalm of our Thanksgiving
For the harvest gathered in.
For the crowded crib and bin,
Floats across the country places,
Over sleepy, snowy spaces,
The little white flakes spin
A soft covering of wonder, where,
safely folded under,
The new life waits within
For the plowing and the sowing
And another harvest growing
When the soft spring rains begin.
—Robert Gilbert Welsh in St. Louis Republic.